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THE LARGEST WORKS (OF THE KIND) ON THE GLOBE.

EATON, OHIO, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1879.

POOR OLD HORSE My covering was once of that linsey woolsey fine.
My mane it hung down, and so beautifully did shine;
But now I'm getting old, as nature doth decay,
My master often frowned on me-one day I he
him say:
Poor Old Horse, let him die.

\$100,000 My home was once all in the stable warm, and storm; But now I'm turned out to die, and to the field All for to endure the hardship of the cold frost an

> Poor Old Horse, let him die. My food it was case of the best of corn and hay That grew in youder meadow and around the valley

at all; doomed to nip the short gram that grows around the well. Poor Old Horse, let him die.

He's old, he's cold, he's lazy, dull and slow, He's meither fit to ride, nor in the team to go; He's meither fit to ride, nor in the team to go; Uh, whip him, kick him, ham him, to the ho let him go. Foor Old Horse, let him die.

ow to the huntsmen my hide I freely give, ikewise, my body to the hounds, that they

more;
You must not think it hard of me because I am old
and poor.
You must not think it hard of me, or anyways dis-

Poor Old Horse, let him die.

### MISS DOLLY CORNERED.

"I shouldn't be surprised any day, Dolly, to see David Wiggin tying his horse at your gate," said Mr. Blount, roguishly, gathering up the reins. "Nonsense, brother! Any thing the matter with his own hitching-post?" retorted Miss Dolly, turning in the

Mr. Blount laughed. Every body felt bound to laugh at Miss Dolly's crisp sayings. She had kept her friends in good humor these forty years.
"And when David does call on

pursued Mr. Blount, more seriously, "I do hope, Dolly, you'll give him a chance to do his errand. That'll be no more'n fair, and the man won't be easy till he has freed his mind."
"What mischief are you the forerun-

ner of now, James Blount, ?' cried Miss Dolly, facing about like a soldier on drill. "What upon earth have I to do with David's errands?" "Well, his wife's been dead a year or

well, his wire s been dead a year or so," said Mr. Blount, suggestively, shutting one eye, and squinting with the other down the length of his whip-stock, "and lately he's been asking about you. You can put that and that together to "Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Dolly,

"I shan't say have him, or don't have him—though there isn't a likelier man living than David—but I do say, Dolly, you ought to give him a hearing;" and having convinced himself beyond a reasonable doubt that the whip was all right, Mr. Blount tickled his sleepy "O, my sorrows!" ejaculated Miss

Dolly, closing the door with an afflicted countenance, and sitting down so quietly for once that a photographer might have copied her then and there. Not that he could have done her justice, for her expression was too quick and varied to be caught by any trick of chemicals, and without it Miss Dolly's physiognomy would have been rather characterless but for her prominent Roman nose This organ gave tone to her face. By which I would not be understood literally, as saying that she talked through it in a nasal whine. I mean simply that, in a metaphorical sense, this beld feature spoke loudly of energy—else why the nose? Every two years during her childhood she had been tip-

oed into the east bedroom to see a new baby, till, at her mother's death, five little brothers fell to her charge to be coaxed and scolded into manho "You can't bring up them boys," croaked a dolorous aunt. "They'll run square over you, Dorothy Almeda." Dorothy Almeda was Miss Dolly's

baptismal name, but it was so manifestly too big for her, that most of her friends would as soon have thought of labeling a tiny homeopathic vial with a quackedicine advertisement as of calling her

"Let'em run over me, so long as it doesn't hurt'em!" laughed Miss Dolly, skewing her flaxen hair with a goose-quill, and tying a tow apron over her calico long-short, preparatory to "bring-ing up" said youths.

From that day forward she went cheerily on, making the best of everything, though it must be confessed she often had odds and ends to work with, as people usually do have who are born with a faculty. Somehow she found time for all her duties excepting matrimony. If it were a duty, it was one she couldn't and wouldn't attend to while her father and the children needed her. Divers young men thought this a great pity, among them David Wiggin. "Don't be silly, David!" said Dolly, when he hinted as much to her, whereupon David went off and straightway married Olive Searle, the plainest in the

This happened thirty years ago, and now David was again wifeless, and again the current of his thoughts turned toward Miss Dolly, who still lived at the old homestead near the foot of Bryant's Falls. Her father had died some months before. Of the boys, James and Ezekiel had settled on neighboring farms, and the remaining three were in the West. David's benevolent heart warmed with compassion as he remembered Dolly's lonely condition, and he felt that it would be exceedingly kind in him to offer her a home, especially as he owned as good a -place as you'd find on the river, while the Blount cottage was fast falling to decay. He wouldn't let her former refusal of him tell against her, for, now he looked back, he really didn't see how she could have married anybody at that period. She this minute!

had answered. "Dolly's a puzzle. Dunning, she's having a hard time to You'll have to find out for yourself." get along. Why don't you take her. Mr. Wiggin smiled, in complacent anticipation of acceptance. Indeed, if it might not seem like a reproach to the memory of his lost Olive, I should say that the kind-hearted man rejoiced in this opportunity of making Miss Dolly's happiness. Benevolence was in his face,

benevolence was in his spirit, as he sallied forth at an early day to acquaint her with her good fortune. The broken harrow which he had strapped into the the crane.

harrow which he had strapped into the wagon to give the neighbors a plausible reason for his trip to the Fells, was by no means typical of mental laceration in its owner. His feelings as he approached Miss Dolly's moss-grown cottage was purely one of thankfulness that it was in his power to provide her a better home. Not that he was grateful to his dead wife for leaving a vacancy there. Mr. Wiggin had mourned faithfully for Olive years and a day "I never did have the name of the pug-nosed teamet." I never did have the name of

Olive a year and a day.

Miss Dolly was out in the garden gathering catnip. She never used it herself, but there were nervous old ladies in the village who looked upon this herb as the substance pleasant deserved where the substance pleasant on the threshold, yet not daring to step this herb as the substance pleasant on the dreams are made of, and Miss Dolly over it. dreams are made of, and Miss Dolly dried it every year, and often left little bundles of it when she made visits of consolation. She had built a chip fire under the tea-kettle, and then whisked off to pick an apronful of the pungent leaves while the water was boiling. There she was, stooping beneath the eaves of a log-cabin sun-bonnet, and huming a lively fague tune when Mr.

eaves of a log-cabin sun-bonnet, and numming a lively fugue tune, when Mr.
Wiggin drove up.
"'Come, my beloved, haste away,"'
piped Miss Dolly, cheerily, snapping
briskly at the stalks.
"'Out short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful—'"
"'Fly like a youthful—'" struck in

wheezy bass. The sun-bonnet tipped back like cart body.
"Sakes alive!" cried Miss Dolly not

in the words of the hymn, as Mr. Wiggin strode toward her on his slightly rheu-

matic legs.

"I didn't mean to put you out," laughed he, shaking hands heartily; "but it seemed kind o' nateral to take part with you in 'Invitation.'"

"You always had a way of falling in the part with you in 'Invitation.'" at the most unheard-of-time, I remember," retorted Miss Dolly saucily, recovering herself and going on gathering catoip. She was fifty years old now, and hoped she had her wits about her.

"You need to say I kent mod time "You used to say I kept good time, only too much of it," pursued Mr. Wiggin, with a sudden inspiration; "but I tell you what, Dolly, times never dragged with me more than it does these days!"

"It is a dull season," said Miss Dolly, with exasperating simplicity. "I sup-pose the grasshoppers have eaten most of your wheat—haven't they—so it'll hardly pay for reaping ?"
"Just so," assented Mr. Wiggin discomfited. He had not traveled five

miles in the heat to discuss the state of "Walk in and sit down, won't you?" said Miss Dolly, with reluctant hospital-ity. Her apron was crammed at last to

its utmost capacity. She devoutly wished it had been larger.

"Well, yes, I don't care if I do," answered Mr. Wiggin, after a hypocritical shew of hesitetien. "I had a little business further on, at the blacksmith's. nothing worth mentioning only for the No hurry, though, as I know of," and he turned to let down the bars for Miss Dolly, who meanwhile slipped nimbly through the fence, catnip and all. "Bless my heart! I don't see but what you're as spry as ever you was," said he, admiringly, as he puffed along in her wake. "Still you must be getting into years, Dolly, as well as I—no offense, I "I don't see how I'm going to stand it if

alone here, a woman, so?" "O. I never was one of the lonesome kind," responded Miss Dolly, briskly, seating her guest in the patchwork-cushioned rocking chair; "and, for that matter, hardly a day passes without some of James's folks running in." "Yes, I know; but if you was to

change your situation, wouldn't you enjoy life better, think?"

Miss Dolly fidgeted at the green-paper curtains, and intimated that her present happiness would be complete if the grass-hoppers would stop feeding on her gar-

"That's just it," continued Mr. Wiggin, eagerly; "you do seem to need a man to look out for your farming interests, now don't you, Dolly? a man-

that'll be ready and willing to do for you, and make you comfortable?" "I don't know," said Miss Dolly, dryly. "The year before father died I did have Silas Potter, and he is the most faithful creature living; but what with the extra cooking and washing I had to do for him, my work was about double, and when mud-time came, I was glad enough to send him off and hire by the day. I about made up my mind that men folks around the house cost more'n

they come to." "I guess we don't understand one another," said Mr. Wiggin slightly dis-concerted by this unflattering view of his sex. "I wasn't speaking of hired his sex. help, Dolly. Naturally you would get tired with that; it's worrin' to a woman. But if you was to have a companion now—one that could give you a good home, with wood and water under

"Shoo! shoo!" cried Miss Dolly flying out after an inquiring chicken on the door-step Mr. Wiggin drew his red pocket hand

kerchief from his hat to wipe his glowing face. Certainly he hadn't felt the heat so all through haying. "How's your health now-a-days?" asked Miss Dolly, frisking back with a look of resolute unconsciousness.
"Very good; remarkably good! don't know where you'll find Dolly, with a tougher constitution than

I've got.' "Ah!" Miss Dolly blushed like a "Yes, I'm well," pursued Mr. Wiggin, perseveringly, "and I'm tolerably well-to-do, with nothing to hinder my marrying again, provided I can see a woman to my mind."

"There's the deacon's wife," suggested Miss Dolly, officiously; "she's a pious, "She's left with means enough to

carry her through handsomely," inter-rupted Mr. Wiggin, quickly. "Now I'd rupted Mr. Wiggin, quickly. "Now I'd rather have a wife to provide for—one that needed a home. In fact, Dolly, I have my eye on the little woman I want ought to be rewarded for the devotion she had shown to the family, and, for his matter, and Miss Dolly was forced to

mind when he asked James Blount, with mock humility, whether it would be of any use for him to try and make a bargain with Dolly.

"That'smore'n I can tell," Mr. Blount

"That'smore'n I can tell," Mr. Blount

"The managed to sugar my teasoral, because in the same of the managed to sugar my teasoral, because in the same of the sa get along. Why don't you take her, David? She'd appreciate such a nice

Miss Dolly gave her undivided atten-

tion to winging the hearth.

"You know you was always the woman of my choice, Dolly," pursued Mr. Wiggin, as tenderly as he could consistently with the distance between them. "And we were both young—"
"Pshaw!" snapped Miss Dolly, scorching her wing; "that's beyond the mem-

ory of man."

Mr. Wiggin's position was becoming painful. He grasped a door-post in either hand, looking wretched enough to slay himself on the spot, after the fashion of Sampson. Evidently he had not touched the right cord as yet. Miss Dolly was not to be won by the attractions of wealth or resition nor even by Polly was not to be won by the attractions of wealth or position, nor even by tender allusions to the past. He would appeal to her kindness of heart.

"I used to believe you had some feelin', Dolly," said he tremulously; "but you don't seem to have any for me. Here I am left alone in the world;

children all paired off, 'thout's Matilda, and she'll go before the snow flies; house empty-"
"I suppose you can have a home with
"I suppose you can have a home "put

any one of your boys, and welcome," put in Miss Dolly, faintly, still fluttering

in Miss Dolly, faintly, still fluttering about the chimney like a swallow.

"Yes, if worse comes to worst, I suppose I can," assented Mr. Wiggin, mournfully, any thing but consoled by this reflection. "It would break me down terribly, though, you may depend, to give up my place that I set so much by, and crowd myself on to my children."

No response save the clattering of the No response save the clattering of the

"And it's dreadful melancholy ness for a man at my time of life to drag

along without a partner. I'm getting to be old, Dolly," and Mr. Wiggin brushed his sleeve across his eyes as a ferruled schoolboy might have done. "Yes, I'm getting to be old, Dolly," he repeated, brokenly "and it stands to reason that I haven't many years to live; but I did hope we might go down hill but I did hope we might go down hill together, Dolly, you chirkin me up with that spry way of your'n that I always took to, and I carryin' the heft of—"

effect it produced on Mr. Wiggin. Indeed, had his ears been as old as he pretended, he would not have suspected her of being affected by any thing more serious than a cold in the head.

hope—and I was wondering whether or no it wasn't lonesome for you living "Then Marths wouldn't suit?" said Miss Dolly, archly, making a great pre-tense of wiping a cinder from her eye. "What a shame, now, when she needs

the property so much!"
"Hang the property! I'd mortgage
the whole of it rather than not get you, Dolly!" cried Mr. Wiggin, with a vehemence that quite closed her mouth. ehemence that quite closed her mouth.

And so at last he had Miss Dolly cornered.

Henry Bergh's Methods. In a paper, by Mr. C. C. Buel, in Scribner for April, on "Henry Bergh and His Work," occurs this passage regarding his methods of enforcing the

aws against cruelty:
Moral sussion and a resolute bearing are Henry Bergh's most potent auxiliaries. Only rarely has he been forced to use his muscular strength to defend himself. One winter's day he met two large men comfortably seated on a ton of coal, with one horse straining to drag the cart through the snow. He ordered them to get down, and after an alterca-tion pulled them down. At another time he stood at the southwest corner

of Washington square, inspecting the horses of the Seventh Avenue rail-road. Several weak and lame horses were ordered to be sent to the stables, and a blockade of over-loaded cars soon ensued. A loafer on a car-platform, annoyed at the delay, began to curse Mr. Bergh, who stood on the curbstone three feet dis-tant, turning a deaf ear till the specta-tors began to urge the bully on. Then, tors began to urge the bully on. losing his patience, he seized the reins and suspended the movement of the car until the order was complied with. This is one of his "curbstone" speeches, often used with effect: "Now, gentlemen, consider that you are American citizens living in a republic. You make your own laws; no despot makes them for you. And I appeal to your sense of justice and your patriotism, oughtn't you to respect what you yourselves have made?" Once, Mr. Bergh ordered the ignorant foreman of a gang of gas-pipe layers to fill up one-half of a trench they had dug directly across crowded Greenwich street, even under the railway track. The man gave a surly refusal which would have caused his arrest had not a stranger stepped out from

the crowd and said: "Mike you better do what that man tells you, for he's the law and the goopel in this city." "The law and the gospel is it then?"
replied Mike, surveying Mr. Bergh from
head to foot. "Well, he don't look a bit

like it." "No matter, but he is," enforced the stranger, "and, if you can take a friend's advice, you will fill up that trench." And the trench was filled.

It is a compliment to Henry Bergh's tact and moderation in the use of his great anthority that he has won the respect of most of the drivers of the part, he felt magnanimous enough to give her a second chance to accept him. Such was the worthy widower's state of "I've managed to sugar my tea so far, tesy always acknowledged with a how.

> THE tomb of Charles Louis Napoleon Achille Murat, nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte and son of Joschim Murat, ex-King of Naples, the great cavalry General, stands in the city cemetery at Tallahassee, Fla. Murat owned for many years a large plantation in Flor

Something About Poisons.

"Poison: A substance which, when taken into the stomach, mixed with the blood or applied to the skin or flesh, proves fatal or deleterious; anything infectious or malignant." Our scissors make the first clip out of Webster for a make the first clip out of Webster for a definition of the greatest evil as well as the greatest good known in the medical world. For after the fashion of the old saying, "It takes a thief to catch a thief" in public systems, so in the individual system, if one poison has stolen away into the net-work of veins, by fair means or foul, there is small hope of recovering one's own, save another poison be sent after it.

covering one's own, save another poison be sent after it.

All medicines seem to be more or less poisonous. But owing to the large doses those classed "less" require to produce death or even deleterious effects, they are by the mass of people regarded as harmless, for arsenic, strychnine, opium, chloroform, mercury and perhaps a few other prominent remedies cover all, to them, dangerous poisons. Yet we read in a daily paper of a child suddenly attacked by severe vomiting, which the usual remedies failing to check, ends in exhaustion and death; and the cause is laid anywhere but at the confectioner's laid anywhere but at the confectioner's counter where the boy bought his candies and cakes flavored with bitter

"The bitter almond is a powerful poison." A single drop of the essential oil on a cat's tongue made a dead pussy of a living one in just five minutes, by experiment. Some delicate organizations, especially among children, can bear but little of this essence, the small-est quantity producing an eruption like nettle rash, if nothing worse, and yet macaroons are eaten and given to chilmacaroons are eaten and given to can-dren to eat with impunity, while con-fectioners are often nowadays using, not the bitter almond, but the essential oil, for their flavoring. There is a "family connection" between the bitter and sweet almond, how close is not easily defined, but sufficient to show that on some per sons the sweet nut on our tables, if eaten, produces an affect similar to that caused by the bitter almond.

"Fish poison is one of the most singular in all the range of toxicology." Certain kinds of fish in hot countries are looked upon as always poisonous. Other kinds are only poisonous to peculiar constitutions, at certain times, and per-haps depending somewhat on the climate. The richer sort of vertebrate fish, though actually eaten with safety by mankind in general, are nevertheless poisonous, either at all times or only poisonous, either at all times or only occasionally to peculiar individuals.

This fact is self-evident to many of us who have experienced nausea after eating whitefish, salmon, lobster, etc., at one time or another, and instinctis wise when it heeds the hint and declines the

poison in the future.

Lead poisoning we are more familiar with, as some members of our houseolds are more susceptible than others drew from a lottery a prize of to the injurious effect of water run through lead pipes. But the poison in this case, acting slowly and subtly is usually classed under the broad, goodnaturedly embracing term, "malaria."

Thankfully he gave \$10,000 for the building of a church in his native village, and then, with his family, he went to Paris, where, in one year, he spent the remainder of his money. He then naturedly embracing term, "malaria." Those who work in lead mines or in any way with lead and absorb its fine dust into their systems, except by the greatest care, sooner or later have what in general phraseology is called printers' or painters' palsy. The habit of children to bite and wet their lead pencils is often followed by serious results, which are more likely to be traced to a close schoolroom and hard study than to the lead peneils, slate pencils and chalk they have munched on at short intervals five

days out of every seven.

Another of the every-day poisons is found in the syrup which is a leading feature of the American breakfast-table. The use of chloride of tin in glucose syrups has been proved by numerous analysis. Think of that, oh, ye who indulge in "golden drip" and "map'e syrup" on cold, wintry mornings on your hot cakes. Beware of any syrup that leaves a metallic taste in the mouth, lest by means of sweet liquid your stomach gets a tin lining and you, wondering why on earth you have developed dyspepsia, conclude that it must be the hot cakes disagree with you. And if the said cakes are made of the raising-easy stuff called baking powder, very likely the disagreement can, in part, be laid to them, for analysis has also shown that

baking powder contains a large propor-tion of desiccated alum. Cost of Congressional Contests. There is a provision in the Sundry Civil bill passed by the last Congress limiting the amount to be paid to each contestant or contestee for a seat in either house of Congress to \$2,000. In the last Congress there were twenty-six parties to contests, and to these there was paid by the same bill \$46,616. The cost of these twenty-six election cases, in-cluding the sum named, which was paid as salary and expenses, was about \$80,000, or on an average of more than \$3,000 for each man. Not half of these cases were ever determined by the House, and in those which were considered by the Committees on Elections, very much of the evidence taken was ex parte or irrelevant. In the case of Nutting vs. Reilley, of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania district, the testimony covered more than 1,200 closely-printed pages, much of which was ruled out on the ground of irrelevancy. The case was never acted upon, but the Gov-ernment paid the parties to the contest \$4,000 each. The Bisbee case, which was taken up and settled just before the adjournment, cost \$6,000. If the new law had been in operation at the time the entire cost of these twenty-six contests could only have been a little more than \$50,000, being a saving of over

A Candid Opmion.

A Detroit lawyer, famous for his wise and and candid opinions, was the other day visited by a young attorney, who

"I was admitted to the bar two years ago, and I think I know something about law, yet the minute I arise to address a jury I forget all my points and can say nothing. Now, I want to ask you if this doesn't show lack of confi-dence in myself, and how can I over-

The wise attorney shut his eyes and studied the case for a moment before answering:

"My young friend, if it is lack of confidence in yourself it will some day vanish, but, if it is lack of brains, you had better sell out your office effects and buy a pick-ax and a long-handled shovel." "But how am I to determine?" anx-

"I'd buy the pick-ax, anyhow, and run my chances!" whispered the aged adviser, as he moved over to the peg for his overcoat.—Detroit Free Bress.

PERSONAL TOPICS.

MR. EDISON'S income from his patents is estimated at \$60,000 per annum ANNIE RUTHERFORD SCOTT, a niec of Sir Walter, has just died in England GENERAL PEMBERTON, who surren-dered Vicksburg to Grant, has taken up his residence in Philadelphia.

How many of our readers ever realized that Thomas Jefferson was but twenty-three years old when he drew up the Declaration of Independence?

News girls are a feature in Piladelphia. They are much neater in appearance than the boys, and sell more papers, with less noise.

France than formerly, and M. Leroy Beaulieu thinks that the rising genera-tion of the latter country smoke less

GRAY, who tried to kill Booth, footed up a long column of figures so rapidl and accurately that the examinin doctors pronounced him an incurab

An exchange says: William H. Van-derbilt has added to his extensive rail-way interests the largest stock-farm in this country, and will now bull the mar-kets and market the bulls at the same

MR. JOHN A. MACDONNELL, while in the Canadian Legislative Assembly Sat-urday, arose and, pointing out a mem-ber, said in a loud tone: "There sits the liar, mountebank, cheat, and swindler."
Mr. MacDonnell was put out. Wasn't
the other member kind o' put out, too? MILE. ADELATIE MONTGOLFIER, daughter of the inventor of balloons, lives in France, and is now eighty-nine. She is wealthy, and has just given to the museum of the Aeronautical Academy a copy of the medal executed to commemorate the inventor of balloons. A WETTER in the London Truth re-

A WRITER in the London Truth remarks: My grandfather was a contemporary of Mr. Fox in the House of Commons. I once asked him what was the effect of Fox's eloquence on the House. "It produced no effect," he replied, "because nine out of ten members could not understand what he said, he rushed his wards so." his words so."

Rocs, the general executioner of France, followed his many victims recently at the age of fifty-five During the eight years that he presided over the guillotine he had cut off fifty-four heads. His salary was \$1,600 a year, with an addition of \$2.50 on working days. His disease was apoplexy.

mounted to the roof, through which the flames were blazing, and with half a dozen pails of water subdued them. A POOR vine dresser of Burgundy lage, and then, with his family, he went to Paris, where, in one year, he spent the remainder of his money. He then returned to his native village and be-came the sexton of his church.

PETER H. GULICE, the octogenarian, who was sued for breach of promise last year at New Brunswick, N. J., died lately, aged eighty-one years. Judge Scudder decided against him, but the Supreme Court reversed the decision, and declared that a man of Gulick's age could not be sued for breach of promise could not be sued for breach of promise

THE long, black locks and swarthy face of the Narragansett Indian, Horace Maynard, who represents the United Maynard, who represents the United States in Turkey, created quite an impression in Constantinople. It is related that when he was presented to the Sultan, that potentate turned to Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who stood beside him, and inquired, "Is this gentleman an American dervish?"

THE Rev. Dr. Shedd, a missionary, writes from Hamadan, Persia, that there is a wonderful movement among the old and large colony of Jews at that place. Their leaders have been discussing the question whether Jesus was the Messiah, nd four of them have decided he was, and been baptized, while many are ap-plicants for baptism. About five thou-sand Jews are represented by the four

CETYWAYO is said to have eleven

no display at my funeral. I would have a plain coffin made of live eak and

efforts were crowned with cess; and, after twenty years spent with the Indians, he found himself among his own race, but almost a stranger among them. He worked in Michigan four years, and during that time he told his strange history to a gentleman who had it published. Charles Hamilton, of Ohio, read it, and, Charles Hamilton, of Ohio, read it, and, happening to know the elder Reaves, wrote to him at once, stating his suspicions that the lost soft was found. An interchange of letters, and Newton started for Kentucky, reaching here last month, after walking through from Michigan, which he did in twelve days,

The Enton

ORIO LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDING

by 69 yeas to 5 days.

MAY 13 - Senate - I received from the Public Works, asking

against the United States. Mr. Forrest to take from the Governor the premove the Police Commissioners cinnati, and to make a member Police Board Trustee of the Cli Hospital, came up. Mr. Forrest cared very little for the first portion bill, but thought that portion rel the hospital was important. On of Mr. Wilson the bill was so a as to allow the Governor to his own appointees on the Board. The bill then passed. The Appropriation Bill was taken up. was finally amended so as to allow furnishing the Governor office. Appropriation Bill was taken up. 7
was finally amended so as to allow if
furnishing the Governor's office, and
for repairing the roof of the State
Mr. Wilson's amendment, approp
\$4,000 under the direction
the Trustees of the S. and
Home, to the tenchers for losses on Sheriff and Cierk of Hamilton County appoint a Deputy Commissioner collect costs and lees, was taken a and after some discussion was passed. Bon time ago the House struck out of the Coffied Bill the provision which made it missiemeanor for may one to use unispected illumination oils. The Senaterei serted this provision and sept the hill be to the H use. This question came up i day, and was disagreed to—23 to 4 Mr. Covert's bill-authorizing the Govern to appoint five Steam Boiler Inspectors w to appoint five Steam Boller taken up. Mackey (National in gesting in an amendment, that in should be appointed from the parties, which induced Mr. Covert the bill referred back to him, a pocketed it. The Lord bill abolish Board of Public Works at Clucio passed—yeas, 56; nays, 45.

CETYWAYO is said to have eleven thousand wives, and it is in order to say that he roes to war to enjoy peace, but the remark would not be original. To purchase a new summer suit for each of his eleven thousand wives costs Cetywayo about two dollars and ten cents, the entire sum being invested in tallow for the hair. This, at all events, is the estimate made by the Norristown Herald.

BISHOP AMES was very plain in his tastes. A few days before he died he said to an intimate friend: "I desire on display at my funeral. I would have

said to an intimate friend: "I desire no display at my funeral. I would have a plain coffin made of live eak and trimmed plainly with trimmings of galvanized iron. Let there be no flowers piaced on it. The tendency to extravagant and useless parade at funerals in this country is getting to be a great and growing evil, and I wish my example as far as possible to inaugurate a different state of things."

A Romance in Real Life,

The neighboring county of Roberts son has had a sensation in the return of one of her citizens, who was stolen twenty years ago. It reads like a romance. Years ago a Mr. Reaves, now of Robertson county, was living on the Missouri river, and while there his 2-year-old son, Newton, was stolen by the Sioux Indians, with whom he dwelt fifteen years before finding out that he was of white blood. For six years he tried to effect his escape, as also to rescue a little girl, stolen from Detroit, Mich, named Anna Ware. His efforts were crowned with success; and, after twenty years spent

FRENCH ascendence plete in the department ion House of Common portion of the messer English, and consequently prevails. Blanders and m quently arise. A few days ago a mem-ber of the House of Commons had be call the assistance of a gentleman pass-ing by to interpret the message he wished the messanger to deliver.

Michigan, which he did in twelve days, crossing the Ohio river at Ripley on a plank. Newton's Indian name was Polar Bear, and he yet speaks very broken English, and is a great curiosity in Kentucky.—Cynthiana (Ky.) Orr. St. Louis Globs.

"That settles it," as the egg-shell said to the coffee.

A LUTTLE five-year-old was sitting with his mother a few days ago, playing at her feet, when suddenly he looked up into her face, and said, "Mother, do you know what I want to be when I grow up." She shook her wand. "Well, when I grow up, I want to be one of those men who cure corns, and have their pictures in the paper."